

A Novel Undertaking.

A London correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce mentions an undertaking, remarkable alike for its novelty and vastness, which is in progress at the Menai Straits:

The boldest idea yet started by any living Engineer is that of Robert Stephenson, now engaged upon the construction of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, who proposes, and is now executing a tubular iron bridge over the Menai Straits, (to connect the shores of Caernarvonshire with the island of Anglesea—afeat accomplished previously by Telford, but on the old and well tested plan of suspension bridges.) Mr. Stephenson's project is one purely original, and of gigantic proportions. He proposes to construct a tubular bridge of plate iron, one inch thick—the plates to be riveted together in the form of a rectangular tube or tunnel, having a cross section 14 by 20 feet outside measurement, and to extend over the Straits in three spans of 450 each. Two fifty piers will be erected in the water to support the central span, at a sufficient height over the channel to allow the largest class of shipping to pass free, without striking their royal mast heads. There are to be two of these tubular parallel to each other, the entire length of each being 1350 feet, and thus allowing free transit of the trains in opposite directions at the same time.

The clear space left in each tube for the passage of the train is 14 by 11 feet, leaving 9 feet of vertical dimensions given above to be accounted for. This is appropriated to the purpose of rendering the tube sufficiently stiff to bear its own weight and that of the train, by dividing 6 by 11 feet of the upper portion of the tube into 8 smaller tubes, arranged in two horizontal rows to resist compression, and the lower portion or roadway of the tube, 3 by 11 feet, is divided into 4 similar small tubes, to resist tension. The two grand tubes, containing the separate roadways for each train of cars, are to be bolted together, side by side, to resist lateral pressure from the heavy gales of wind common to this region. It is not to be supposed that any board of directors would have accepted such a formidable project as this, without first being well satisfied of the feasibility of executing it, and the sufficiency of the work for its intended purpose when done. Careful and most elaborate experiments were undertaken by Messrs. Fairhurst & Hodgkinson—men equally eminent for their practical and scientific knowledge of the strength of iron as a building material—and upon their joint verdict of approval the tubular bridge is now going on, the stone piers being in progress, and the iron work contracted for in part.

In conducting these experiments, the gentlemen above named discovered some valuable facts. They found that it was necessary to provide a much larger amount of strength in tubes to resist compression than to resist tension; that wrought and cast iron stand directly opposite to each other in this particular; that cylindrical and elliptic tubes are far less able to resist weight applied horizontally than are tubes of the square or rectangular section. Hence, adopting the latter form, and stiffening it by making the depth of the tube twice double its width (26 by 14 feet), and then adding interior two rows of smaller tubes above and one below, they arrived at a form capable of sustaining 750 tons in the center of a span of 450 feet, and as they state in their report fully competent for the purposes of a railway viaduct, tunnel or bridge.

The experiments were tried on a large scale, tubes of 8 by 16 inches square and 30 feet long being used. The successful issue of this great project will place Mr. Stephenson in the same rank as Telford, Brunel, and Smeaton.

The Leaders of the English Party.

It is well to call men and things by their right names. Animated by this desire, we have called the opposition or whig party, by the name they were known by in the war of 1812—*Federalists*. They were so netted by the recall of their disdained name, that we really felt quite concerned, lest they would not sleep at night. In the abundance of our pity, we sung hubly, and they might have rested in peace for us, had we not, in looking over the 3d volume of the *British Quarterly Review*, had our attention arrested at page 332 by some remarks on these United States, which, for the benefit of the concerned, we reprint:

From the British Quarterly Review, Feb., 1816.

"It seems to be now admitted, either tacitly or openly, by politicians of all grades, that the democratic principle—now so surely triumphant in the United States, the struggle has not long been on. The events of the disastrous war of 1812—*Federalists*. Does he not know that Col. Davis of Mississippi, and Col. Yell of Arkansas, resigned last summer and are now in Mexico? Besides, neither of these democrats came all the way back to Washington to draw two or three thousand dollars mileage, as did Col. Baker. Whenever these whig editors come across a whig who exhibits patriotism, they make so much of him that they run him into the ground and break him short off. Much credit it was due Col. Baker, considering the statements of his party, on the war question. He was well paid for his services."

The Mobile Register says:

"The journal has a right that we should give its explanation, but must not complain if we add a line of amendment. Davis, Yell, and their allies departed for the wars 'last season'; but Davis and Yell resigned their seats, and thus gave up their 'pay and emoluments.' Baker did not resign, but returned from Mexico—spent six days in Washington, as a member of Congress, before resigning—received pay therefor; and, moreover, charged the United States with his whole mileage to Washington, from Illinois and back, although he came from Mexico; and received also his mileage as a bearer of despatches to Washington from Mexico; and moreover, gathered his stationary bill as a member of Congress; and we are assured, received full pay all the time as Colonel of volunteers."

We doubt not but there are whigs in and out of Congress who are willing to make the same sacrifice with unflinching fortitude."

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The London correspondent of the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, speaks in the following terms of the critical state of the relations between the two Governments:

"We are all waiting with some solicitude for the opening of the French Chambers. Unless I am greatly mistaken, there will be some exciting scenes enacted in the Chamber of Deputies during the session which is about to commence. The Spanish marriage, as well as a number of other and smaller questions, are concerning. I am sorry to say, to bring about a state of mind in both England and France, which will render a war at the death of Louis Philippe a reality."

IT is deplorable, but nevertheless true. For myself, I consider the war between France and England to be almost inevitable. Indeed I think that almost all Europe will be involved in a great many years pass away. It will be a war for freedom; for constitutional rights; for the transmission of power from one people to another share of the Government, who feel that they have been long enough the slaves of the privileged few. But on this subject it is not my intention to enter further on the present occasion."

AT another time I may give you my reasons in extenso for the opinion I have just expressed. I will only now add, that Louis Philippe is every year opening the eyes of the world to his true character, which is a compound of cunning, ambition, selfishness, and talent for administration, such as few men have ever possessed. But the end will come, cunning is not wisdom."

The omission in the Royal speeches both of England and France of any allusion to this country, or to the war with Mexico, was remarked upon very generally yesterday—and by some was looked upon as indicating that slight interest only is felt by these leading European governments either in the existing war, or in the general policy and progress of the United States.

For different is my interpretation of this silence, which seems to me to denote, rather the extreme solicitude felt by each of these governments, as to their own difficult position, than indifference to such a war as that between the United States and Mexico, or about the prospects or progress of the country.

For, in fact, what is now weighing down Europe, is raising us, and their calamity is on gain. Be it our case so to use these advantages, that mankind may judge us not worthy of them; and that we ourselves may practically fulfil in our home of prosperity that first of moral lessons, for nations as for men—"Do ye unto others, as ye would that they should do unto you."—N. Y. *Courier*.

PROPHETIC.—ANXIMATION.—The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Jefferson, in 1786, will tell just now.

"Our confederacy must be viewed as the nest, from which we are to proceed, rather the exterminating scold of each of these governments, as to their own difficult position, than indifference to such a war as that between the United States and Mexico, or about the prospects or progress of the country."

AN "INCORPORATION."—European papers laugh at the proposal which I have just expressed. I will only now add, that Louis Philippe is every year opening the eyes of the world to his true character, which is a compound of cunning, ambition, selfishness, and talent for administration, such as few men have ever possessed. But the end will come, cunning is not wisdom."

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN DELAWARE.—A select committee of the Delaware Legislature has reported a bill agreeable to the wishes of a number of petitioners, for the abolition of slavery in that State. Any sympathy with political abolition is disclaimed by the committee, who consider it a subject belonging exclusively to the State in which slavery exists. For instance, the committee in which slavery exists, is raising us, and their calamity is on gain. Be it our case so to use these advantages, that mankind may judge us not worthy of them; and that we ourselves may practically fulfil in our home of prosperity that first of moral lessons, for nations as for men—"Do ye unto others, as ye would that they should do unto you."

Mr. John Butler, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, is endeavoring to raise a company of Cavalry, in Philadelphia, to go to Mexico.

The Money Market.

The news by the *Hibernia*, to the great agricultural interest of the country, is of the most gratifying character. Our farmers are not only able, by the free intercourse established between the two nations, to contribute to the relief of the suffering of the famishing poor of Europe, but to do so at great profit. But for the removal of the restrictions herefore existing on trade and commerce, instead of our farmers being able to throw their surplus breadstuffs into England and France at an advance of 25 to 30 per cent. on previous prices, their produce would either remain on their hands or find a market at prices to the producer the amount of the duty less than it now commands. The boldest idea yet started by any living Engineer is that of Robert Stephenson, now engaged upon the construction of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, who proposes, and is now executing a tubular iron bridge over the Menai Straits, (to connect the shores of Caernarvonshire with the island of Anglesea—afeat accomplished previously by Telford, but on the old and well tested plan of suspension bridges.) Mr. Stephenson's project is one purely original, and of gigantic proportions. He proposes to construct a tubular bridge of plate iron, one inch thick—the plates to be riveted together in the form of a rectangular tube or tunnel, having a cross section 14 by 20 feet outside measurement, and to extend over the Straits in three spans of 450 each. Two fifty piers will be erected in the water to support the central span, at a sufficient height over the channel to allow the largest class of shipping to pass free, without striking their royal mast heads. There are to be two of these tubular parallel to each other, the entire length of each being 1350 feet, and thus allowing free transit of the trains in opposite directions at the same time.

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The introduction of the oft produced eulogies of Washington, was happily relieved by a caustic review of the school boy romance, and air-casting of older years, the threadbare attrition of these important subjects connected with our Revolutionary struggles, and yet hoping to find a single sheaf and the luxuriant harvest of great men and events of those stirring times.

Without dwelling on the familiar circumstances of his youth and manhood, by vivid contrast of the single virtue of other heroes all combined in him, he seems with lightning glance the worth of the Patrie Pater. Adopting Mr. Beecher's standard of true greatness—"Physical worth subordinate to intellectual, and both to moral," he finds in Washington all combined in full proportions, and he proves him the greatest of great men. And thus logically established, he goes forth into the wide realms of history, and by juxtaposition with exhumed spirits of the great dead, confirms by sight what the mind's eye had before clearly seen.

That original contest for liberty, in the Usurper's day, the only parallel history affords, to ours, (of which indeed ours was but the ripened fruit,) produced the only kindred spirit of our Washington. John Hampden, baptised into the cause of conscience and liberty, devoted heart and soul to the great ideas of human freedom—equally developed in physical, intellectual and moral power—alike destined to immortality of eminence in the hearts of liberty's worshippers—differed only from him, in that he was removed ere his end was attained—while America's son lived to see the glorious fruition of his most ardent hopes, and triumphing over the universal foe to true greatness—selfish lust of power—without other motive save his country's weal, lays aside the wreaths of mortal honors clustering his brow.

May the spirit spoken into being, in the Puritan struggle of Hampden's day, wafted o'er the sea with the white sails of the Mayflower, resoundingly echoed from the noble soul of Washington, vibrate ever through the American heart—never to want more congenial clime.

Again the skillfully touched keys of the piano presented a heart-stirring song of praise, fitly preparing the audience for appreciating that appropriate theme, "Golden Ages," the subject selected by Mr. J. C. Fletcher, and fraught with especial interest upon this anniversary of the dawn of our golden day.

The sunny dreams of youth, the delightful retrospects of loved homes and fond recall of early associations, the fruitful past, the inviting future, were reverted to with that poetry of the heart, which ever finds a sister chord in the soul responsive to its native notes. And our golden age of Heaven-keeping liberty—was it not a subject worthy of contemplation? and our Fathers, too, who purchased it?

But only in *revisiting* those illustrious periods of the world called "golden," can we see the comparative lustre of our own. With him we wander through the pyramids of Egypt, and behold science, art and literature attain their highest excellence, and, too, we behold brutalizing idolatry claiming mind to earth.

While cats and fates share the frequent ways, Whence fleas are stoned, where 'ne'er a mouse, To bound in union with unity tooth!

Not here are illustrious ages found. We pass with him into the Patriarch, and wondering, at the refined elegance and classic taste, which characterize the land of Demosthenes. But she who weighed in the balance is found wanting.

The sun of her beauty is setting, and she is gone, leaving behind her a daughter, who, though she had risen and gone out, the rest of the story is told by a little boy—brother of the girl who was killed:

The boy stated that Amy awoke, dressed herself and went to the corner of the room to get her mittens; her mother immediately seized her by the throat, with one hand and checked her—the girl screamed; her mother with her other hand then took a razor from a shelf, opened the case, took the razor thereto from, and with her teeth opened it; the boy drew the razor across the throat of Amy. The boy then seized the youngest child (a babe) in his arms, and went towards the outward door; his mother held him stop, and sprang towards him; he told her that his father was coming. She looked out of the window, saw him and then stepped back and cut for own throat. She fell upon the floor lifeless.

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